

NEW YORK HERALD

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JAMES GORDON BENNETT, PROPRIETOR.

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strong as to prices. The bank statement shows a decrease of \$1,740,975 in the surplus reserve.

General William Tecumseh Sherman, last of the general of the United States Army, died at his home, No. 13 West Seventy-first street.

Fire in the New York General Post Office building destroyed a vast amount of newspaper mail matter and fatally injured Giuseppe Meibach, a workman.

Much of the basement floor of the building, the electric light machinery and most of the clothing of the men at work at the time were destroyed.

The bank examiners have not yet published their investigations as to the solvency of the American Loan and Trust Company. It is said that, whatever the result of the inquiry, President Baldwin will retire in May at the annual election.

Horatio M. P. Wilson, who was confined thirteen years in Ward's Island Asylum as a pauper inmate, is discovered to have an estate of \$20,000, the revenues of which his relatives have been taking possession of during his incarceration.

Columbia Law School is in a ferment over the rumors that President Low wants to introduce new methods and give the poorer aspirants no chance to study.

The Legislative Committee on Enumeration and Reapportionment secure some interesting admissions from ex-Superintendent of the Census Charles H. Murray.

The whiskey trust men say that Gibson is a victim of a conspiracy.

NEVER PRINT a paid advertisement as news matter. Let every advertisement appear as an advertisement—not sailing under false colors.—Charles A. Davis's Address to the Wisconsin A. Social Association, Milwaukee, July 24, 1888.

A STORY IS TOLD of an advertiser who presented himself at the New York Herald counter with a three thousand dollar roll as an offer for a half column advertisement with a good sized cut accompanying it. The "ad." was refused without even consulting Mr. Howland. There is a standing rule in the Herald office to never insert advertising cuts.—Exchange.

THE EXPENDITURES FOR PENSIONS for the year ending June 30, as now officially stated, amounted to \$109,357,534.

In the previous year we paid \$87,644,779 11, while in the year before that we paid \$80,288,508 77.

The cost of the German army, it may be interesting to note, is for this year estimated at \$91,726,203. Besides our pensions our army costs \$39,000,000.

Our Dead soldier.

Sad tidings these, that General William Tecumseh Sherman has for the first time been forced to surrender.

His strategy has heretofore been that of attack, but on this occasion the first blow was delivered by the enemy. He resisted with such vigor as old age provides, made a brave fight against the odds of Death, yielded to the only foe of mortality who never lost a battle, and now "sleeps in fame."

But death has bestowed upon him a double immortality. He will live forever in the "mansions not made with hands" and live forever in the hearts of a grateful people.

His name is written on this lower firmament—together with those of Grant and Sheridan, his comrades on the field—in "raings of eternal light," and his place in the Hereafter is assured by the fact that the jewel, honor, which he has won on his breast for the space of two generations has never lost its lustre.

Sherman's rank in the long list of historic soldiers may be safely left to the future.

For the present, discussion must give way to eulogy. We lift no curious eyes to discover the height of his greatness, have no desire to compare him with any but himself, and are satisfied with the tender memories which cluster about the house of mourning. He will be numbered with the nation's most illustrious dead, to be honored as a leader of our hosts on the perilous field, a defender of the people's cause, a valiant contributor to that great victory which made republics stronger and thrones weaker.

For the present, therefore, we leave the task of criticism to the indifferent or the stranger, and speak only in the whisper of sorrow and condolence.

Sherman was in many respects a unique character. He was a man of simple manners, a product of our peculiar institutions, as pure minded and honest as Coriolanus. He was blunt, brusque and wore his heart upon his sleeve. Had there been no war he might have found no opportunity—would have kept the even tenor of his way along the ordinary level, as a merchant or the president of a military academy. But when the nation trembled for its fate he gravitated to leadership with the irrepressible impulse of commanding ability. His sword was forged in fire and tempered in blood. He rose from lieutenant to General by hard service in front of the enemy. Without ambition except to save the country, always master of the position to which he was assigned, he disdained to ask preferment and waited for preferment to seek for him. We have had many brave soldiers, but few of whom it may be said, as we are proud to say of Sherman, that "There are no tricks in plain and simple faith."

He was pre-eminently a fighter, the man for the time. In his judgment war is always war, and should be conducted without "dangerous lenity." With every fibre he believed in the righteousness of our cause, and when the first rumblings of secession were heard in the Louisiana sky, he wrote to Governor Moore—"On no earthly account will I do any act or think any thought hostile to the old government of the United States."

When in the field, therefore, he smote with all the might of arm and conscience, dreamed of nothing except to rout the enemy at any cost and if possible to exterminate him. To his soldiers he said—"Put your shields before your hearts and fight with hearts more proof than shields." He never followed, was always at the front, a hard

riders, a hard fighter, not reckless but bold.

His army loved him as his army loved Napoleon, but the Corsican looked with "sneering insolence" upon a throne as his reward, while Sherman refused everything which politics would have gladly offered, saying with Marcus—"I cannot make my heart consent to take a bribe to pay my sword."

With Sherman we lose the last of that historic group in which he stood by the side of Lincoln, Grant and Sheridan. If it be true that the dead may by some subtle metempsychosis become the inspiration of the living, the memory of these four will keep the fires of patriotism alive and help our children's children to make the future of the Republic as glorious as its past.

"The Light of the World."

Twelve years ago Edwin Arnold, a busy London journalist, wrote an epic poem which startled the world by its exquisite imagery and its depth of thought. It was "The Light of Asia," and it quickly achieved the distinction of being more widely read than any other poem of its time.

The central figure was Buddha, and so interesting was the personality portrayed that many Christians read with admiration, while some people who had no religion to speak of began to sample Buddhism; indeed, in some quarters the author's appreciation of the Asian teacher was construed as devotion.

Now, however, this mistake is corrected, and the book itself is overshadowed by a greater poem, "The Light of the World," a work of such charm and importance that today the Herald fills three pages with extracts from it.

To quote from a popular hymn, "The light of the world is Jesus," and as such it is presented in this poem, but the author manifests the additional purpose of showing that Jesus broadened, ennobled and completed the religion, not only of the chosen people, but of all religious teachers, including Buddha. The poem is in the main a dialogue between Mary Magdalene and a venerable Buddhist who comes from India to learn the results of the angelic promise at Bethlehem, of which the "Three Kings of Orient" had carried the news to their own land. The Indian questions Mary closely, though reverently and sympathetically, during six days, compares the teachings of Jesus and Buddha, recognizes the limitations of the latter and concludes that Jesus was indeed the Son of God.

The diction is careful, noble, pure and exquisite, as becomes the subject, the climate of poetry and fill Christian souls with rapture. Perhaps it may do far more. Should "The Light of the World," like "The Light of Asia," be translated and read in the East, it will be a more effective tract than any the missionaries have put forth, for the author never forgets what the missionary seldom remembers, that Jesus was Himself an Oriental.

As poison in the blood permeates arteries, veins, nerves, brain and heart and speedily brings paralysis or death, so does a debased or fluctuating currency permeate all the arteries of trade, paralyze all kinds of business and bring disaster to all classes of people. It is as impossible for commerce to flourish with such an instrument as it is for the human body to grow strong and vigorous with a deadly poison lurking in the blood.—Secretary Windom's Last Words.

Extreme Unction.

Pardon us if we say that hostile criticism of the rite of extreme unction in the case of General Sherman is only deserving of contempt. We have no patience with that kind of Protestantism which sneers at the methods or customs of all other forms of religion.

Extreme unction is the sacramentum certum of the Roman Church. It is regarded as a very solemn and sacred thing and has the significance of a prayer for the forgiveness of sins. The ceremony is pathetic and impressive. The officiating priest anoints eyes, ears, mouth, hands and feet, saying, "By this holy unction, and through His great mercy, Almighty God forgive thee whatever sins thou hast committed by sight," or smell, hearing, touch, &c.

It is immeasurable bigotry to object to such a ceremony or such a prayer by any good man, priest or minister. If we all need forgiveness, where is the harm when one who loves us or is interested in our welfare petitions that it may be granted?

That General Sherman was not a Catholic makes no difference whatever. If an infidel lay dying, surrounded by his Christian family, would it seem strange if in deference to their wishes a clergyman were called in, and standing in the mourning group, should pray for God's blessing on the departing soul? Would such a service intrude upon the decorum of the occasion or in any way mar its solemnity? We think not.

We may not be members of the Catholic Church, but we should have such respect for the rites of religion that we can find no chance for cavil in the prayer of a stricken family that the father may pass safely through the gates of death.

Murder Most Foul!

Jack the Ripper has achieved international infamy. He repeats his ghastly deed again and again, but under cover of night invariably escapes. The police in uniform, the corps of detectives in citizens' dress, are constantly on the lookout, but Jack keeps his eyes wider open than they waits patiently for his opportunity, slashes his victim, and disappears. He is a veritable magician, of whom we can easily believe that he wears some charm which enables him to become visible or invisible at will.

By day and night people travel through the narrow alleyway where the dead was committed, but no screams or cries were heard. The first blow is evidently the telling one. It seals the lips forever, and after that the mutilation can go on until the sound of footsteps warns the cunning devil of his danger. He slinks into a dark corner, perhaps joins the crowd which assembles and denounces the crime or calls for the arrest of the criminal as vociferously as the rest.

Poor Carrotty Nell! A fallen creature, they say she was, but she was far from deserving such a fate. Who knows what her youth was, what her environment and temptations were? She had a blurred record, but how came it blurred? Did poverty dog her

steps and snarl and snap at her heels?

Years ago did she give a sunny, hopeful heart, without a suspicion, to the plausible fiend who worked her ruin and left her stranded on the world's hatred and scorn? Did vicious parents leave her, as a sole inheritance, their own evil propensities, and was she simply the logical result of father and mother?

No matter. The knife swept across her throat, she fell on the cold pavement and rests in the Morgue. Our pity for her sudden taking off makes us charitable toward her miserable past.

As for the Ripper, he scores another victim and the police another defeat.

Ah! He Forgets.

Superintendent Porter, hero of the bogus census, was quite right in advising Supervisor Murray to keep mum.

The investigating committee put their cross-question corkscrew in Murray yesterday and pulled with all their might, but to no purpose. The witness smiled blandly, but "disremembered" that he had had anything to do with a census, didn't even know what a census was and conveniently forgot every incident in his life since he cut his first tooth.

Yes, Porter is quite right. In all that business silence is golden. The less said the better. To keep still is to keep safe; to talk is to let the cat out of the bag. If Murray should oil his tongue and set it wagging—tell all he knows about the plot to rob New York of two hundred thousand inhabitants, divulge the secrets of that miserable business—Porter might find it necessary to emigrate to Alaska, where the contempt of the people wouldn't reach him.

So Porter instructs Murray to put a padlock on his lips and throw the key away. Murray, who doesn't like to do a mean thing, except under compulsion, makes a wry face and obeys. Thus ends David B. Hill's much vaunted investigation—in smoke.

General of the Army.

With the death of Sherman this title completely disappears from our military system. It has been held by three men only. It was created in 1866 by act of Congress and conferred upon Grant. Sherman then succeeded Grant as Lieutenant General, and when the latter took his seat as President in March, 1869, the former became General of the Army.

In 1884 Sherman was put on the retired list with the title which he held to the time of his death. In the active service the office by provision of law became vacant and the title extinct, Sheridan being commander of the army with the rank of Lieutenant General.

In 1888, just before Sheridan's death, the rank of Lieutenant General was abolished and that of General revived, with the understanding that Sheridan should be made General and the express provision that the title should continue only during his life.

Since that time the head of the army has been a Major General.

Storms Threatening This Section.

A storm now advancing east from the Dakotas threatens to abbreviate the present spell of fine weather in this region of the country. This disturbance may not be serious. But a second storm will probably be generated in the Gulf region and move northeast to-day, in which case we shall have a blow on the Atlantic coasts to-morrow, with fog and rain or snow. Shipmasters should be on the lookout.

This sudden retirement of \$200,000,000 of gold, with the accompanying panic, would cause contraction and commercial disaster unparalleled in human experience; and our country would at once step down to the silver basis, when there would be no longer any room for coinage, and silver dollars would sink to their bullion value.—Secretary Windom's Last Words.

That Hair Tress is a queer Dick. He goes about the streets snipping the tresses of young girls and hardly gives enough to make an honest living.

Some vinegar souled cynic, who ought to be hung up by the heels, writes to say that if he would steal into any respectable house after midnight he could get plenty of flowing locks without using the shears.

We don't know what the fellow means, but there is a lurking suspicion in his remarks which is rather exasperating.

So Boston wants an elevated road. Well, as we are to have a first class underground road, with four tracks, we might sell this ramshackle spider web at second hand prices.

Mr. Grover Cleveland must be careful not to allow the free coinage question to bury the tariff reform issue.

That would be bad politics and just what the shrewd republican leaders are playing for.

They are afraid of the present tariff because there is a democratic President under it. Therefore keep it well to the fore.

If Vitus Bering would come back, pick up the sea to which he gave his name and carry it away, he would